UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

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MISS OPHELIA APPEARED, DRAGGING TOPSY BEHIND HER.
[PAGE 35.]

THE
PLEASANT HOUR SERIES

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

By
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ILLUSTRATIONS

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UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

CHAPTER I.

UNCLE TOM AND LITTLE HARRY ARE SOLD.

Very many years ago, instead of having servants to wait upon them and work for them, people used to have slaves. These slaves were paid no wages. Their masters gave them only food and clothes in return for their work.

When any one wanted servants he went to market to buy them, just as nowadays we buy horses and cows, or even tables and chairs.

If the poor slaves were bought by kind people they would be quite happy, work willingly for their masters and mistresses, and even love them. But often cruel people bought slaves and used to beat them and be unkind to them in many ways.

Uncle Tom was a slave, and a faithful and honest servant. His master, Mr. Shelby, was kind to him. Uncle Tom's wife was called Aunt Chloe. She was Mr. Shelby's head cook. Nobody in all the country round could make such delicious pies and cakes as Aunt Chloe.

Uncle Tom and Aunt Chloe lived together in a pretty little cottage built of wood, quite close to Mr. Shelby's big house.

The little cottage was covered with climbing roses, and the garden was full of beautiful bright flowers and lovely fruit trees.

Uncle Tom and Aunt Chloe lived happily for many years in their little cottage, or cabin, as it was called. All day Uncle Tom used to work in the field, while Aunt Chloe was busy in the kitchen at Mr. Shelby's

house. When evening came they both went home to their cottage and their children, and were merry together.

Uncle Tom was very fond of his children and liked to amuse them. He would toss the baby at arm's length until she crowed and clapped her hands with delight, while Aunt Chloe looked on with beaming face.

Mr. Shelby was a good man, and kind to his slaves, but he was not very careful of his money. When he had spent all he had he did not know what to do to get more. At last he borrowed money from a man called Haley, hoping to be able to pay it back again some day.

But that day never came. Haley grew impatient, and said, "If you don't pay what you owe me, I will take your house and lands, and sell them to pay myself all the money I have lent to you."

So Mr. Shelby sold everything he could spare and gathered money together in every way he could think of, but still there was not enough.

Then Haley said, "Give me that slave of yours called Tom—he is worth a lot of money."

But Mr. Shelby knew that Haley was not a nice man, and did not want Tom for a servant, but only wanted to sell him again, to make more money. So Mr. Shelby said, "No, I can't do that. I never mean to sell any of my slaves, least of all Tom. He has been with me since he was a little boy."

"Oh, very well," said Haley, "I shall sell your house and lands, as I said I should."

Mr. Shelby could not bear to think of that, so he agreed to let Haley have Tom. He made him promise, however, not to sell Tom again except to a kind master.

"Very well," said Haley, "but Tom isn't enough. I must have another slave."

Just at this moment a little boy came dancing into the room where Mr. Shelby and Haley were talking.

He was a pretty, merry little fellow, the son of a slave called Eliza, who was Mrs. Shelby's maid.

"There now," said Haley, "give me that little chap,

as well as Tom, and we will say no more about the money you owe me."

"I can't," said Mr. Shelby. "My wife is very fond of Eliza, and would never hear of having Harry sold."

"Oh, very well," said Haley once more, "I must just sell your house."

So again Mr. Shelby gave in, and Haley went away with the promise that next morning Uncle Tom and little Harry should be given to him, to be his slaves.

Mr. Shelby was very unhappy because of what he had done. He knew his wife would be very unhappy too, and did not like to tell her.

He had to do it that night, however, before she went to bed.

Mrs. Shelby could hardly believe it. "Oh, you do not mean this," she said. "You must not sell our good Tom and dear little Harry. Do anything rather than that. It is a wicked, wicked thing to do."

"There is nothing else I can do," said Mr. Shelby "I have sold everything I can think of, and at any rate now that Haley has set his heart on having Tom and Harry, he would not take anything or anybody instead."

Eliza was sitting in the next room. The door was not quite closed, so she could not help hearing what was said. As she listened she grew pale and cold and a terrible look of pain came into her face.

Eliza's husband was called George, and was a slave too. He did not belong to Mr. Shelby, but to another man, who had a farm quite near. George and Eliza could not live together as a husband and wife generally do. Indeed, they hardly ever saw each other. George's master was a cruel man, and would not let him come to see his wife. He was so cruel, and beat George so dreadfully, that the poor slave made up his mind to run away. He had come that very day to tell Eliza about it.

When Mr. and Mrs. Shelby stopped talking, Eliza crept to her own room. Little Harry was asleep.

Taking a piece of paper and a pencil, she wrote quickly.

'Oh, missis! dear missis! don't think me ungrateful—don't think hard of me, anyway! I heard all you and master said to-night. I am going to try to save my boy—you will not blame me! God bless and reward you for all your kindness!"

Eliza was going to run away, so she gathered a few of Harry's clothes into a bundle, put on her hat and jacket, and aroused Harry, who was rather frightened at being waked in the middle of the night, and seeing his mother bending over him, with her hat and jacket on.

"What is the matter, mother?" he said, beginning to cry.

"Hush," she said, "Harry mustn't cry or speak aloud, or they will hear us. A wicked man was coming to take little Harry away from his mother, and carry him 'way off in the dark. But mother won't let him. She's going to put on her little boy's cap and coat, and run off with him, so the ugly man can't catch him."

Harry stopped crying at once, and was good and quiet as a little mouse, while his mother dressed him. When he was ready, she lifted him in her arms, and crept softly out of the house.

It was a beautiful, clear, starlight night, but very cold, for it was winter-time. Eliza ran quickly to Uncle Tom's cottage, and tapped on the window.

Aunt Chloe jumped up at once, and opened the door. She was very much astonished to see Eliza standing there with Harry in her arms. Uncle Tom followed her to the door, and was very much astonished too.

"I'm running away, Uncle Tom and Aunt Chloe—carrying off my child," said Eliza. "Master sold him."

"Sold him?" they both echoed, lifting up their hands in dismay.

"Yes, sold him," said Eliza. "I heard master tell missis that he had sold my Harry, and you, Uncle Tom. The man is coming to take you away to-morrow."

At first Tom could hardly believe what he heard. Then he sank down, and buried his face in his hands.

"The good Lord have pity on us!" said Aunt Chloe.

SHE CROWED AND CLAPPED HER HANDS WITH DELIGHT. [PAGE 6.]

"What has Tom done that master should sell him?"

"He hasn't done anything—it isn't for that. Master don't want to sell; but he owes this man money. If he doesn't pay him it will end in his having to sell the house and all the slaves. Master said he was sorry. But missis she talked like an angel. I'm a wicked girl to leave her so, but I can't help it. It must be right; but if it an't right, the good Lord will forgive me, for I can't help doing it."

"Tom," said Aunt Chloe, "why don't you go too? There's time."

Tom slowly raised his head and looked sorrowfully at her.

"No, no," he said. "Let Eliza go. It is right that she should try to save her boy. Mas'r has always trusted me, and I can't leave him like that. It is better for me to go alone than for the whole place to be sold. Mas'r isn't to blame, Chloe. He will take care of you and the poor——"

Tom could say no more. Big man though he was, he burst into tears, at the thought of leaving his wife and dear little children, never to see them any more.

"Aunt Chloe," said Eliza, in a minute or two, "I must go. I saw my husband to-day. He told me he meant to run away soon, because his master is so cruel to him. Try to send him a message from me. Tell him I have run away to save our boy. Tell him to come after me if he can. Good-bye. God bless you!"

Then Eliza went out again into the dark night with her little boy in her arms, and Aunt Chloe shut the door softly behind her.

CHAPTER II.

THE CHASE.

Next morning, when it was discovered that Eliza had run away with her little boy, there was great excitement and confusion all over the house.

Mrs. Shelby was very glad. "Thank God!" she said. I could not bear to think of Harry being sold to that cruel man."

Mr. Shelby was angry. "Haley knew I didn't want to sell the child," he said. "He will blame me for this."

One person only was quite silent, and that was Aunt Chloe. She went on making the breakfast as if she heard and saw nothing of the excitement round her.

All the little black boys belonging to the house thought it was fine fun. Very soon, about a dozen young imps were roosting, like so many crows, on the railings, waiting for Haley to come. They wanted to see how angry he would be, when he heard the news.

And he was dreadfully angry. The little nigger boys thought it was grand. They shouted and laughed and made faces at him until he started for them with his big whip—when they all tumbled off the rail together and scampered away.

At last Haley became so angry, that Mr. Shelby offered to give him two men to help him find Eliza.

But these two men, Sam and Andy, knew quite well that Mrs. Shelby did not want Eliza to be caught, so they tarried as much as possible.

When at last they did start, Sam led them by a wrong road. So the sun was almost setting before they arrived at the village where Haley hoped to find Eliza.

When Eliza left Uncle Tom's cabin, she felt very sad and lonely. She knew she was leaving all the friends she had ever had.

Harry dropped his little weary head upon her shoulder, and was soon fast asleep.

Eliza walked on and on, never resting, all through the night. When the sun rose, she was many miles away from her old home. Still she walked on, only stopping, in the middle of the day, to buy a little dinner for herself and Harry at a farm-house.

When it was nearly dark, she arrived at a village, on

the banks of the Ohio river. If she could only get across that river, Eliza felt she would be safe.

She went to a little inn on the bank, where a kind-looking woman was busy cooking supper.

"Is there a boat that takes people across the river now?" she asked.

"No, indeed," replied the woman. "The boats has stopped running. It isn't safe, there be too many blocks of ice floating about."

Eliza looked so sad and disappointed when she heard this, that the good woman was sorry for her. Harry too was tired, and began to cry.

"Here, take him into this room," said the woman, opening the door into a small bedroom.

Eliza laid him upon the bed, and he soon fell asleep. But for her there was no rest. She stood at the window, watching the river with its great floating blocks of ice, wondering how she could cross it.

As she stood there she heard a shout. Looking up she saw Sam. She drew back just in time, for Haley and Andy were riding only a yard or two behind him.

It was a dreadful moment for Eliza. Her room opened by a side door to the river. She seized her child and sprang down the steps towards it.

Haley caught sight of her as she disappeared down the bank. Throwing himself from his horse, and calling loudly to Sam and Andy, he was after her in a moment.

In that terrible moment her feet scarcely seemed to touch the ground. The next, she was at the water's edge.

On they came behind her. With one wild cry and flying leap, she jumped over the water by the shore, on to the raft of ice beyond. It was a desperate leap. Haley, Sam, and Andy cried out, and lifted up their hands in astonishment.

The great piece of ice pitched and creaked as her weight came upon it. But she stayed there not a moment. With wild cries she leaped to another and still

another—stumbling—leaping—slipping—springing up again!

Her shoes were gone, her stockings cut from her feet by the sharp edges of the ice. Blood marked every step. But she knew nothing, felt nothing, till dimly, as in a dream, she saw the Ohio side, and a man helping her up the bank.

"You're a right brave gal," said the man. "Go there," pointing to a big white house close by. "They are kind folks; they'll help you."

On the other side of the river Haley was standing perfectly amazed at the scene. When Eliza disappeared over the bank he turned and looked at Sam and Andy, with terrible anger in his eyes.

"Good evening, mas'r," said Sam. "I berry much 'spect missis be anxious 'bout us. Mas'r Haley won't want us no longer." Then off they went as fast as their horses could gallop.

It was late at night before they reached home again, but Mrs. Shelby was waiting for them. So Sam went up and told the wonderful story of how Eliza had crossed the river on the floating ice. Mr. and Mrs. Shelby found it hard to believe that such a thing was possible.

Mrs. Shelby was very, very glad that Eliza had escaped. She told Aunt Chloe to give Sam and Andy a specially good supper. Then they went to bed, quite pleased with their day's work.

CHAPTER III.

ELIZA FINDS A REFUGE.

A lady and gentleman were sitting talking happily together in the drawing-room of the white house to which Eliza had gone. Suddenly their old black man-of-all-work put his head in at the door and said, "Will missis come into the kitchen?"

The lady went. Presently she called her husband.

There lay Eliza on two kitchen chairs. Her poor feet were all cut and bleeding, and she had fainted.

The old man had Harry on his knee, and was busy pulling off his shoes and stockings, to warm the little cold feet.

"Poor creature," said the lady.

Suddenly Eliza opened her eyes. A dreadful look of pain came into her face. She sprang up saying, "Oh, my Harry, have they got him?"

As soon as he heard her voice, Harry jumped from the old man's knee, and running to her side, put up his arms.

"Oh, he's here! he's here," she said, kissing him. "Oh, ma'am," she went on, turning wildly to the lady of the house, "do protect us, don't let them get him."

"Nobody shall hurt you here, poor woman," said the lady. "You are safe; don't be afraid."

"God bless you," said Eliza sobbing and crying as she told them of her misfortune.

Eliza wanted to go to Canada, because it belonged to the British. They did not allow any one to be made a slave there. George, too, was going to try to reach Canada.

"Wife," said the gentleman, when they had gone back again into their own sitting-room, "we must get that poor woman away to-night. She is not safe here.

So this kind gentleman got the carriage ready, and drove Eliza and her boy a long, long way, through the dark night, to a cottage far in the country. There he left her with a good man and his wife, who promised to be kind to her, and help her to go to Canada. He gave some money to the good man too, and told him to use it for Eliza.

Kind people helped her all the way. She passed from friend to friend, till she arrived safely at a village where the people were Quakers.

The Quakers were gentle, quiet people. They all dressed alike in plain grey clothes, and the women wore big, white muslin caps. Because they thought it was wicked to have slaves, they helped those who ran away from their cruel masters. Often they were punished for doing this, but still they went on helping the poor slaves. For though the laws said it was wrong, they felt quite sure that it was really right to do so.

The kind Quaker women grew to be very fond of Eliza, and would have been glad if she would have stayed with them.

But Eliza said, "No, I must go on; I dare not stop. I can't sleep at night: I can't rest. Last night I dreamed I saw that man come into the yard."

"Poor child," said Rachel, the kind Quaker woman to whom she was speaking, "thee musn't feel so. No slave that has run away has ever been stolen from our village. It is safe here."

While they were talking, Simeon, Rachel's husband, came to the door and called, "Wife, I want to speak to thee a minute."

Rachel went out to him. "Eliza's husband is here," he said.

"Art thee sure?" asked Rachel, her face bright with joy.

"Yes, quite certain; he will be here soon. Will thee tell her?"

Rachel went back into the kitchen, where Eliza was sewing, and, opening the door of a small bedroom, said gently, "Come in here with me, my daughter; I have news to tell thee."

Eliza rose trembling, she was so afraid it was bad news.

"No, no! never fear thee. It's good news, Eliza," said Simeon.

Rachel shut the door, and drew Eliza towards her. "The Lord has been very good to thee," she said gently.

"Thy husband hath escaped and will be here to-night."

"To-night!" repeated Eliza, "to-night!"

Then it seemed as if the room and everything in it swam round her, and she fell into Rachel's arms.

Very gently Rachel laid her down on the bed. Eliza slept as she had not slept since the dreadful night when she had taken her boy and run away through the cold, dark night.

She dreamed she heard her husband's footstep. She felt him coming nearer. His arms were round her, his tears falling upon her face, and she awoke.

It was no dream. The sun had set, the candles were lit. Harry was sleeping by her side, and George, her husband, was holding her in his arms.

The two had much to say to each other. George told how he had escaped from his cruel master, and how he had followed Eliza all the way and at last found her. Then there were plans to make for going on towards Canada. The pursuers are hard after thee, we must not delay," said Simeon.

So George and Eliza decided to start as soon as it was dark. A little while after supper they drove off in a covered wagon.

On and on, all through the dark night they drove They reached the wharf the next day and went aboard the boat for Canada.

After a ride of a day and a night, they were landed on the shore, and stood still till the boat had started again. At last they were free.

Then with tears of joy, the husband and wife, with their wondering little boy in their arms, knelt down and lifted up their hearts to God.

CHAPTER IV.

UNCLE TOM SAYS GOOD-BYE.

The day after the hunt for Eliza was a very sad one in Uncle Tom's cabin. It was the day on which Haley was going to take Uncle Tom away.

Aunt Chloe had been up very early. She had washed and ironed all Tom's clothes, and packed his trunk neatly. Now she was cooking the breakfast,—the last breakfast she would ever cook for her dear husband. Her eyes were quite red and swollen with crying, and the tears kept running down her cheeks all the time.

"It's the last time," said Tom sadly.

Aunt Chloe could not answer. She sat down, buried her face in her hands, and sobbed aloud.

"S'pose we must be resigned. But, O Lord, how can I? If I knew anything where you was goin', or how they'd treat you! Missis says she'll try and buy you back again in a year or two. But, Lor', nobody never comes back that goes down there."

"There'll be the same God there, Chloe, that there is here."

"Well," said Aunt Chloe, "s'pose dere will. But the Lord lets dreffful things happen sometimes. I don't seem to get no comfort dat way."

"Let's think on our mercies," said Tom, in a shaking voice.

"Mercies!" said Aunt Chloe, "don't see any mercies in 't. It isn't right! it isn't right it should be so! Mas'r never ought to have left it so that ye could be took for his debts. Mebbe he can't help himself now, but I feel it's wrong. Nothing can beat that out of me. Such a faithful crittur as ye've been, reckonin' on him more than your own wife and chil'en."

"Chloe! now, if ye love me, you won't talk so, when

THEY ALL TUMBLED OFF THE RAIL TOGETHER, AND SCAMPERED AWAY. [PAGE 10.]

it is perhaps jest the last time we'll ever have together," said Tom.

"Wall, anyway, there's wrong about it somewhere," said Aunt Chloe, "I can't jest make out where 'tis. But there is wrong somewhere, I'm sure of that."

Neither Tom nor Chloe could eat any breakfast; their hearts were too full of sorrow. But the little children, who hardly understood what was happening, enjoyed theirs. It was not often that they had such a fine one as Chloe had cooked for Tom's last morning at home.

Breakfast was just finished, when Mrs. Shelby came. Chloe was not very pleased to see her. She was angry, and blamed her for letting Tom be sold.

But Mrs. Shelby did not seem to see Aunt Chloe's angry looks. "Tom," she said, turning to him, "I come to——" she could say no more, she was crying so bitterly.

Then all Aunt Chloe's anger faded away.

"Lor', now, missis, don't—don't," she said. She too burst out crying again, and for a few minutes they all sobbed together.

"Tom," said Mrs. Shelby at last, "I can't do anything for you now. But I promise you, most solemnly, to save as much money as I can. As soon as I have enough, I will buy you back again."

Just then Haley arrived. Tom said a last sad good-bye to his wife and children, and got into the cart with him.

As soon as Tom was seated in the cart, Haley took a heavy chain, and fastened it round his ankles. Poor Tom had done nothing wrong, yet he was treated worse than a thief, just because he was a slave.

"Please give my love to Mas'r George," said Tom, looking round sadly. "Tell him how sorry I am he is not at home to say good-bye."

Master George was Mr. and Mrs. Shelby's son. He was very fond of Tom, and was teaching him to write. He often used to come and have tea in Uncle Tom's little cottage. Aunt Chloe used to make her very nicest cakes

when Mas'r George came to tea. But he was not at home now, and did not know that Tom had been sold.

Haley whipped up the horse, and, with a last sad look at the old place, Tom was whirled away.

They had rattled along the dusty road for about a mile, when Haley pulled up at a blacksmith's shop. He got out to have something done to a pair of handcuffs, leaving Tom in the cart.

Tom was sitting there, very mournfully, when suddenly he heard the quick, short click of a horse's hoofs behind him. Almost before he knew what was happening, George Shelby sprang into the cart. He threw his arms round Tom's neck, sobbing and scolding.

"Oh, Mas'r George, this does me good," said Tom. "I couldn't bear to go off without seein' ye. It does me real good, ye can't tell."

Here Tom made a movement with his feet, and George's eyes fell on the chains.

"What a shame," he cried. "I'll knock that old fellow down, I will."

"No, you won't, Mas'r George; and you must not talk so loud. It won't help me any, to anger him."

"Well, I won't then, for your sake. But it's a shame." They never sent for me, nor sent me word. If it hadn't been for Tom Lincoln, I shouldn't have heard of it."

"Look here, Uncle Tom," said he, turning his back to the shop, and speaking in a mysterious tone, "I've brought you my dollar."

"Oh, I couldn't think of takin' it, Mas'r George, noways in the world," said Tom.

"But you shall take it," said George. "I told Aunt Chloe I'd do it. She advised me to make a hole in it, and put a string through. You can hang it around your neck, and keep it out of sight, else this mean scamp will take it away. I tell you, Tom, I want to blow him up. It would do me good."

"No, don't Mas'r George, for it won't do me any good."

"Well, I won't for your sake," said George, busily tying his dollar round Tom's neck. "There, now button your coat tight over it, and keep it safe. Remember every time you see it, that I'm coming after you some day, to bring you back. Aunt Chloe and I have been talking about it. I told her not to fear. I'll see to it. I'll tease father's life out, if he doesn't see to it."

"Oh' Mas'r George, ye mustn't talk so 'bout your father."

"Dear me, Uncle Tom, I don't mean anything bad."

"And now, Mas'r George," said Tom, "ye must be a good boy. 'Member how many hearts is set on ye. Always keep close to your mother. Don't be getting into any o' them foolish ways boys has of getting too big to mind their mothers. Tell ye what, Mas'r George, the Lord gives a good many things twice over, but he don't give ye a mother but once. You'll never see such another woman, Mas'r George—not if ye live to be a hundred years old. So, now, you hold on to her, and grow up, and be a comfort to her, there's my own good boy—you will now—won't ye?"

Haley now came to the shop door with the handcuffs in his hand.

"Good-bye, Uncle Tom," said George, "don't get downhearted."

"Good-bye, Mas'r George," said Tom. "God Almighty bless you."

Haley came to the cart, threw the handcuffs in, and jumping up on to the seat, drove off.

All day long, they drove over the rough country roads. Late in the evening they arrived at a town called Washington. Haley went to a comfortable inn for the night, but poor Tom was sent to prison with handcuffs on his wrists, and heavy chains on his ankles. This was not because he had done anything wicked, but only that he happened to be a black man and a slave.

CHAPTER V.

UNCLE TOM MEETS EVA.

Haley stayed in Washington several days. He went to market each day and bought more slaves. He put heavy chains on their hands and feet, and sent them to prison with Tom.

When he had bought all the slaves he wanted, and was ready to go, he drove them before him, like a herd of cattle, on to a boat which was going south.

It was a beautiful boat. The deck was gay with lovely ladies and fine gentlemen walking about enjoying the bright spring sunshine.

Down on the lower deck, in the dark, among the luggage, were crowded Tom and the other poor slaves.

Among the passengers was a pretty little girl, about six years old. She had beautiful golden hair, and big blue eyes. She ran about, dancing and laughing like a little fairy. She was always dressed in white, and Tom thought she looked like a little angel.

Often she would come, and walk sadly round the place where the poor slaves sat in their chains, look pityingly at them, and then go slowly away. Once or twice she came with her pinafore full of sweets, nuts and oranges, and gave them all some.

Tom watched the little lady, and tried to make friends with her. His pockets were full of all kinds of things, with which he used to amuse his old master's children.

He could make whistles of every sort and size, cut baskets out of cherry-stones, faces out of nut-shells, jumping figures out of bits of wood. He brought these out one by one, and though the little girl was shy at first, they soon grew to be great friends.

"What is missy's name?" said Tom one day.

"Evangeline St. Clare," said the little girl; "though

papa and everybody else call me Eva. Now, what's your name?"

"My name's Tom. The little chil'en at my old home used to call me Uncle Tom."

"Then I mean to call you Uncle Tom, because, you see, I like you," said Eva. "So Uncle Tom, where are you going?"

"I don't know, Miss Eva."

"Don't know?" said Eva.

"No. I'm going to be sold to somebody. I don't know who."

"My papa can buy you," said Eva quickly. "If he buys you, you will have good times. I mean to ask him to, this very day."

"Thank you, my little lady," said Tom.

Just at this moment, the boat stopped at a small landing-place to take in some wood. Eva heard her father's voice, and ran away to speak to him.

Eva and her father were standing by the railings as the boat once more began to move. It had hardly left the landing-stage when, somehow or other, Eva lost her balance, and fell over the side of the boat into the water.

Tom was standing just under her, on the lower deck, as she fell. In a moment he sprang after her. The next, he had caught her in his arms, and was swimming with her to the boat-side, where eager hands were held out to take her.

The whole boat was in confusion. Every one ran to help Eva, while the poor slave went back to his place, unnoticed and uncared for.

But Mr. St. Clare did not forget, and when Eva put her arms around his neck and whispered, "Papa, do buy him, it's no matter what you pay," he gave Haley his price, and Tom had a new master.

"Come, Eva," said Mr. St. Clare, and taking her hand, went across the boat to Tom.

"Look up, Tom," she said to him, "and see how you like your new master."

Mr. St. Clare had such a gay, young, handsome face, that Tom could not help feeling glad. Grateful tears rushed to his eyes as he said, "God bless you, mas'r."

CHAPTER VI.

UNCLE TOM'S LETTER.

Uncle Tom felt that he was indeed very fortunate to have found such a kind master and so good a home. He had nice clothes, plenty of food, and a comfortable room to sleep in. He had no hard, disagreeable work to do. His chief duties were to drive Mrs. St. Clare's carriage when she wished to go out, and to attend on Eva when she wanted him. He soon grew to love his little mistress very much.

Mr. St. Clare was not long in finding out how clever Tom was, and soon trusted him as thoroughly as his former master, Mr. Shelby had done.

But in spite of all his good fortune, Tom longed to go home to see his dear ones again. He had plenty of spare time and when he had nothing to do he would try to find comfort in reading his Bible.

On Sundays little Eva used to come into his room. They read the Bible and sang hymns together, and talked of his home. That comforted him too.

But as time went on, Uncle Tom longed more and more for his home. At last one day he had a grand idea. He would write a letter.

Before Uncle Tom was sold, George Shelby had been teaching him to write, so he thought he could manage a letter.

It was very difficult. Poor Uncle Tom found that he had quite forgotten how to make some of the letters. Of those he did remember, he was not quite sure which he ought to use.

While he was working away, breathing very hard over it, Eva came behind him, and peeped over his shoulder.

"Oh, Uncle Tom! what funny things you are making!"

"I'm trying to write to my old woman and my little chil'en, Miss Eva," said Tom, drawing the back of his hand over his eyes to wipe away the tears. "But some how I'm feared I shan't be able to do it."

"I wish I could help you Tom. I've learnt to write a little. Last year I could make all the letters but I'm afraid I've forgotten."

Eva put her little golden head close to Uncle Tom's black one, and they began a serious and anxious talk over the letter. Finally it was begun and they thought it looked quite like a proper letter.

"Yes, Uncle Tom, it begins to look beautiful," said Eva, gazing on it with delight. "How pleased your wife will be, and the poor little children! Oh, it is a shame that you ever had to go away from them! I mean to ask papa to let you go back, some day.

"Misses said that she would send down money for me, as soon as they could get it together," said Tom. "Young Mas'r George, he said he'd come for me. He gave me this dollar as a sign," and Tom drew the precious dollar from under his coat.

"Oh, he is sure to come, then," said Eva, "I am so glad."

"I wanted to send a letter, you see, to let 'em know where I was, and tell poor Chloe that I was well off, 'cause she felt so dreadful, poor soul."

"I say, Tom," said Mr. St. Clare, coming in at the door at this minute. "What's this?"

Tom and Eva both started.

"Oh, it's Tom's letter. I'm helping him to write it," said Eva. "Isn't it nice?"

"I wouldn't discourage either of you," said her

father; "but I rather think, Tom, you had better let me write your letter for you."

"It is very important that you should write," said Eva, "because his mistress is going to send money to buy him back again, you know, papa."

So that evening the letter was written, and Uncle Tom carried it joyfully to the post-office.

CHAPTER VII.

AUNT CHLOE GOES TO LOUISVILLE.

Late on a summer afternoon, a few days after Tom's letter was posted, Mr. and Mrs. Shelby sat together in the hall of their house. It was very hot, and all the doors and windows were wide open.

"Do you know," said Mrs. Shelby, "that Chloe has had a letter from Tom?"

"He has been bought by a very fine family, I should think, "he is kindly treated, and has light work."

"Ah! well, I'm glad of it—very glad," said Mr. Shelby. "Tom, I suppose, is quite pleased. He won't want to come back here again."

"Oh, but he does. He is very anxious to know when the money to buy him is to be raised," said Mrs. Shelby.

"I'm sorry. I ought not to have promised to buy Tom back again. I can not raise the money so you had better let Tom know it is impossible."

"Oh, I can't do that. If I cannot get money any other way, I shall take music pupils. I could earn enough myself that way," replied Mrs. Shelby.

"Don't speak of such a thing. I should never allow it," replied Mr. Shelby quite crossly.

Just then Aunt Chloe came and asked if "Misses would come and look at dis lot of poetry."

Aunt Chloe always would call poultry poetry, in spite of anything one could say to her.

"PAPA, DO BUY HIM! IT'S NO MATTER WHAT YOU PAY," WHISPERED EVA SOFTLY. [PAGE 21.]

"I can't see it," she would say. "One word is just as good as another. Poetry is something nice anyhow." So poetry Chloe called it.

Mrs. Shelby went to look at the poultry. She soon saw, however, that it was only an excuse. Aunt Chloe didn't really want her to look at it—she wanted to talk about something. For a minute or two she hesitated, then she said with a shy laugh, "Laws me, missis, why should mas'r and missis be troubling about money? Why don't they use what is in their hands?"

"I don't understand," said Mrs. Shelby.

"Why, laws me, missis," said Chloe, "some folks hires out their niggers to other people, and so makes money out of them.

"Well, Chloe, who do you think we could hire out?"

"I ain't thinking nothing. Only Sam, he told me der was a perfectioner in Louisville who said he wanted some one who could make nice cakes and pastry. He said he would give four dollar a week to one, he did."

"Well, Chloe?"

"Well, I's a thinkin, missis, Sally has been under my care now for some time. She can cook nearly as well as me. If missis would only let me go, I could earn some money, and help to buy my old man back again. I ain't afraid to put my cake or pies neither 'longside no perfectioner's."

"Confectioner's, Chloe."

"Dear me, missis, words is so curis. Can't never get 'em right."

"But, Chloe, do you want to leave your children?"

"De boys is big enough now, and Sally will look after baby."

"Louisville is a long way off."

"Who's afeard? It's somewhere near my old man, perhaps," said Chloe, looking at Mrs. Shelby in a questioning way.

"No, Chloe, it's many hundred miles off," said Mrs. Shelby sadly.

Chloe's face fell.

"Never mind; your going there will bring you nearer," said Mrs. Shelby. "Yes, you may go. Every penny of your wages shall be laid aside to buy Tom back with."

Chloe's face really shone.

"Oh, missis is too good. I was thinkin' of dat very thing. I shan't need no clothes, nor shoes, nor nothin.' I could save every penny. How many weeks is there in a year, missis?"

"Fifty-two," said Mrs. Shelby.

"And four dollars for each of 'em. Why, how much would dat be?"

"Two hundred and eight dollars."

"Why-e!" said Chloe, quite surprised and delighted at the big sum. "How long would it take me to earn enough, missis?"

"Four or five years, Chloe. But then you needn't do it all. I shall add some to it."

"I wouldn't hear of missis giving lessons. Mas'r's quite right in dat. I hope none of our family will ever be brought to dat while I's got hands," said Chloe proudly.

"Don't be afraid," said Mrs. Shelby smiling. Now she knew that Chloe had heard what she had said to Mr. Shelby.

So it was settled that Aunt Chloe should start next day for Louisville, and that all the money she earned was to be laid aside for Tom.

George gladly wrote a long letter to Uncle Tom. He told him everything, that was happening at home, and how Aunt Chloe was going to Louisville, to help earn money to buy him back again.

The letter cheered Tom very much when he received it, and a great hope grew in his heart.

Chloe too was happier than she had been since Uncle Tom had been taken away from her, because she felt that she was working for him, and every penny she earned brought them nearer to each other. She still belonged to Mr. and Mrs. Shelby. They had not sold her, but only lent her to the confectioner, who paid wages to her for the work she did.

CHAPTER VIII.

AUNT DINAH.

Mr. St. Clare's wife thought she was too ill to superintend their home and left everything for the slaves to do, which was not satisfactory.

Things went from bad to worse, until finally Mr. St. Clare went to his cousin, Miss Ophelia, and begged her to come and keep house for him and look after little Eva. It was on the journey back with her that the accident to Eva happened, which resulted in the purchase of Uncle Tom.

Miss Ophelia St. Clare was a very prim and precise person. In her home people did not have slaves. She was very sorry for them and would have liked to free them all, yet she did not love them nor could not bear to touch them or have them near her, just because they were black.

Miss Ophelia found it no easy matter to bring order into the St. Clare household. The slaves had been left to themselves so long, they had grown untidy, and were not pleased with Miss Feely, as they called her, for trying to make them be tidy. She got up at four o'clock in the morning, much to the surprise of the housemaids, and all day long was busy dusting and tidying, till Mrs. St. Clare said it made her tired to see cousin Ophelia so busy.

Things soon began to be more orderly, except the kitchen; that seemed hopeless.

Aunt Dinah was a good cook, but was a dreadfully untidy old woman.

"What is this drawer for?" asked Miss Ophelia, the first morning she went into the kitchen.

"It's handy for most anything, missis," said Aunt Dinah.

So it seemed. Miss Ophelia tumbled the drawer out. There she found a nutmeg-grater and two or three nutmegs, a hymn-book, two handkerchiefs, some wool and knitting, a paper of tobacco and a pipe, a few biscuits, one or two china saucers with some pomade in them, one or two old shoes, a piece of flannel wrapping up some small white onions, several table-napkins, some coarse towels, some string and darning needles, and several broken papers of sweet herbs, which were spilling all over the drawer.

"Where do you keep your nutmegs, Dinah?" asked Miss Ophelia.

"Most anywhere, missis. There's some in that cracked teacup up there, and there's some over in that cupboard."

"Here are some in the grater," said Miss Ophelia, holding them up.

"Laws, yes. I put 'em there this mornin'. I likes to keep my things handy."

"What is this?" said Miss Ophelia, holding up a saucer with pomade.

"It's my hair-grease. I put it there to have it handy."

"Do you use your mistress's best saucers for that?"

"Law! It was cause I was driv and in such a hurry. I was going to change it this very day."

"Here are two table-napkins."

"Them table-napkins I put there to get 'em washed out some day."

"Don't you have some place here, on purpose for things to be washed?"

"Well, Mas'r St. Clare got dat chest, he said, for dat. But I likes to mix up biscuit, and have my things on it some days. Then it an't handy a-liftin' up the lid."

"Why don't you mix your biscuits on the pastry table?"

"Law, missis, it gets so full of dishes, and one thing and another, der an't no room."

"But you should wash your dishes, and clear them away."

"Wash my dishes!" said Dinah, growing very angry. "What does ladies know 'bout work, I want to know? When would mas'r ever get his dinner if I was to spend all my time a-washin' and a-puttin' away dishes?"

"Well, here are these onions," said Miss Ophelia patiently.

"Laws, yes!" said Dinah, "that is where I put 'em, now. I couldn't 'member. Them's particular onions I was a-savin' for dis very stew. I'd forgot dey was in that old flannel."

Miss Ophelia next lifted up the papers of sweet herbs.

"I wish missis wouldn't touch dem things. I likes to keep my things handy," said Dinah.

"But you don't want holes in the papers."

"Them's handy for sifting them out."

"But you see, it spills all over the drawer."

"Laws, yes! If missis will go a-tumblin' things all up so, it will," said Dinah, coming uneasily to the drawers.

"I'm going through the kitchen, and going to put everything in order once, Dinah. Then I expect you to keep it so."

"Oh, now, Miss Feely, dat an't no way for ladies to do. I never did see ladies doing no such thing. I don't see no kind of need of it." And Dinah stalked about indignantly, while Miss Ophelia tidied up. "I has things as straight as anybody when my clearin'-up time comes," she grumbled. "But I don't want ladies round,

a-hinderin' and gettin' my things all where I can't find 'em."

Miss Ophelia soon saw that Dinah was indeed hopeless. One day in despair she spoke to Mr. St Clare about it.

"Oh, you must let Dinah go her own way," said he. "She is a splendid cook, but if we saw how she did it, I expect we should never eat any more. You can't make her any better, so just leave her alone. She is too old to mend her ways."

So Aunt Dinah was left alone to rule the kitchen as she liked.

CHAPTER IX.

TOPSY.

One morning, while Miss Ophelia was busy, as usual, she heard Mr. St. Clare calling from the foot of the stairs.

"Come down here, cousin. I have something to show you."

"What is it?" said Miss Ophelia, coming down with her sewing in her hand.

"I have bought something for you. See here," he said, pulling forward a little negro girl of about eight or nine years old.

She was quite black. Her round, shining eyes glittered like glass beads. Her woolly hair was plaited into little tails which stuck out in all directions. Her clothes were dirty and ragged. Miss Ophelia thought she had never seen such a dreadful little girl in all her life.

"Now, cousin, what is this for? Your house is full of these little plagues as it is. I don't want her, I'm sure."

"Well, the fact is, cousin," said Mr. St. Clare, drawing her aside, "she belonged to some people who were dreadfully cruel and beat her. I couldn't bear to hear

her screaming every day, so I bought her. I will give her to you. Do try and make something of her."

"Well, I'll do what I can," said Miss Ophelia. "She is fearfully dirty, and half naked."

Getting Topsy clean was a very long business. But at last it was done.

Then, sitting down before her, Miss Ophelia began to question her.

"How old are you, Topsy?

"Dunno, missis," said she, grinning like an ugly little black doll.

"Don't know how old you are! Did nobody ever tell you? Who was your mother?"

"Never had none," said Topsy, with another grin.

"Never had any mother! What do you mean? Where were you born?"

"Never was born," said Topsy very decidedly. "Never had no father, nor mother, nor nothin'!"

"Have you ever heard anything about God, Topsy?" asked Miss Ophelia next. "Do you know who made you?"

"Nobody as I knows on," replied Topsy, with a laugh. "Spect I grow'd. Don't think nobody ever made me."

"What can you do? What did you do for your master and mistress?"

"Fetch water, and wash dishes, and clean knives, and wait on folks."

"Well, now, Topsy, I'm going to show you just how my bed is to be made. I am very particular about my bed. You must learn exactly how to do it."

"Yes, missis," said Topsy. But while Miss Ophelia was bending over the bed she had quickly seized a pair of gloves and a ribbon, which were lying on the dressing-table, and slipped them up her sleeves. When Miss Ophelia looked up again, the naughty little girl was standing with meekly-folded hands as before.

"Now, Topsy, let me see you do this," said Miss

Ophelia, pulling the clothes off again and seating herself.

Topsy, looking very earnest, did it all just as she had been shown. She did it so quickly and well that Miss Ophelia was very pleased. But, alas! as she was finishing, an end of ribbon came dangling out of her sleeve.

"What is this?" said Miss Ophelia, seizing it. "You naughty, wicked child—you have been stealing this."

"Why, that's Miss Feely's ribbon, an't it? How could it 'a got into my sleeve?"

"Topsy, you naughty girl, don't tell me a lie. You stole that ribbon."

"Missis, I declare I didn't. Never seed it till dis blessed minnit."

"Topsy," said Miss Ophelia, "don't you know it is wicked to tell lies?"

"I never tells no lies, Miss Feely," said Topsy. "It's jist the truth I've been tellin' now. It an't nothin' else."

"Topsy, I shall have to whip you, if you tell lies so."

"Laws, missis, if you whip 's all day, couldn't say no other way," said Topsy, beginning to cry. "I never seed dat ribbon. It must 'a caught in my sleeve. Miss Feely must 'a left it on the bed, and it got caught in the clothes, and so got in my sleeve."

Miss Ophelia was so angry at such a barefaced lie that she caught Topsy and shook her. "Don't tell me that again," she said.

The shake brought the gloves on to the floor from the other sleeve.

"There," said Miss Ophelia, "will you tell me now you didn't steal the ribbon?"

Topsy now confessed to stealing the gloves. But she still said she had not taken the ribbon.

"Now, Topsy," said Miss Ophelia kindly, "if you will confess all about it I won't whip you this time."

So Topsy confessed to having stolen both the ribbon and the gloves. She said she was very, very sorry, and would never do it again.

"I'LL STAY WITH MAS'R AS LONG AS HE WANTS ME—SO AS I CAN BE OF ANY USE." [PAGE 38.]

"Well, now, tell me," said Miss Ophelia, "have you taken anything else since you have been in the house? If you confess I won't whip you."

"Laws, missis, I took Miss Eva's red thing she wears on her neck."

"You did, you naughtv child! Well, what else?"

"I took Rosa's ear-rings—them red ones."

"Go and bring them to me this minute—both of them."

"Laws, missis, I can't—they 's burnt up."

"Burnt up? What a story! Go and get them, or I shall whip you."

Topsy began to cry and groan, and declare that she could not. "They's burnt up, they is."

"What did you burn them up for?" asked Miss Ophelia.

"Cause I 's wicked, I is. I 's mighty wicked, anyhow. I can't help it."

Just at this minute Eva came into the room wearing her coral necklace.

"Why, Eva, where did you get your necklace?" said Miss Ophelia.

"Get it? Why, I have had it on all day," answered Eva, rather surprised. "And, what is funny, aunty, I had it on all night too. I forgot to take it off when I went to bed."

Miss Ophelia looked perfectly astonished. She was more astonished still when, next minute, Rosa, who was one of the housemaids, came in with a basket of clean clothes, wearing her coral ear-rings as usual.

"I'm sure I don't know what to do with such a child," she said, in despair. "What in the world made you tell me you took those things, Topsy?"

"Why, missis said I must 'fess. I couldn't think of nothing else to 'fess," said Topsy, wiping her eyes.

"But, of course, I didn't want you to confess things you didn't do," said Miss Ophelia. "That is telling a lie just as much as the other."

"Laws, now, is it?" said Topsy, looking surprised and innocent.

"Poor Topsy," said Eva, "why need you steal? You are going to be taken good care of now. I am sure I would rather give you anything of mine than have you steal it."

Topsy had never been spoken to so kindly and gently in all her life. For a minute she looked as if she were going to cry. The next she was grinning as usual in her ugly way.

"What is to be done with Topsy?" said Miss Ophelia. "I never saw such a child as this."

But no one could answer her question. So Miss Ophelia had to go on, as best she could, trying to make Topsy a good girl.

She taught her to read and to sew. Topsy liked reading, and learned her letters like magic. But she could not bear sewing. So she broke her needles or threw them away. She tangled, broke, and dirtied her cotton and hid her reels. Miss Ophelia felt sure all these things could not be accidents. Yet she could never catch Topsy doing them.

CHAPTER X.

EVA.

Two or three years passed. Uncle Tom was still with Mr. St. Clare, far away from his home. He was not really unhappy. But his heart ached to see his dear ones again.

Now he began to have a new sorrow. He loved his little mistress Eva very tenderly, and she was ill.

One day Eva seated herself on her Father's knee, and laid her head on his shoulder.

"It is no use, papa, to keep it to myself any longer. The time is coming when I am going to leave you. I am going, never to come back," and Eva sobbed.

"Eva, darling, don't say such things; you are better, you know."

"No, papa, I am not any better. I know it quite well, and I am going soon."

"And I want to go," she went on, "only I don't want to leave you—it almost breaks my heart."

"Don't, Eva, don't talk so. What makes you so sad?"

"I feel sad for our poor people. I wish, papa, they were all free. Isn't there any way to have all slaves made free?"

"That is a difficult question, dearest. I wish there was not a slave in the land. But then, I don't know what is to be done about it."

"Papa, you are such a good man, and so noble and kind. Couldn't you go all round and try and persuade people to do right about this? When I am dead, papa, then you will think of me, and do it for my sake."

"When you are dead, Eva! Oh, child, don't talk to me so."

"Promise me at least, father, that Tom shall have his freedom, as soon as I am gone."

"Yes, dear, I will do anything you wish. Only don't talk so."

Miss Ophelia and Eva had been to church together. Miss Ophelia had gone to her room to take off her bonnet, while Eva talked to her father.

Suddenly Mr. St. Clare and his little girl heard a great noise coming from Miss Ophelia's room. A minute later Miss Ophelia appeared, dragging Topsy behind her.

"Come out here," she was saying. "I will tell your master."

"What is the matter now?" asked Mr. St. Clare.

"The matter is that I cannot be plagued with this child any longer," said Miss Ophelia. "It is past all bearing. Here, I locked her up, and gave her a hymn to learn. What does she do, but spy out where I put my key. She has gone to my wardrobe, taken a bonnet-

trimming, and cut it all to pieces to make dolls' jackets! I never saw anything like it in my life."

"What makes you behave so?" said Mr. St. Clare.

"'Spects it's my wicked heart; Miss Feely says so."

"What makes you so naughty, Topsy?" Eva said, with tears in her eyes. "Why don't you try to be good? Don't you love anybody, Topsy?"

"Dunno nothin' 'bout love. I love candy, that's all."

"Couldn't never be nothin' but a nigger, if I was ever so good," said Topsy. "If I could be skinned, and come white, I'd try then."

"But people can love you, if you are black, Topsy. Miss Ophelia would love you if you were good."

Topsy laughed scornfully.

"Don't you think so?" said Eva.

"No. She can't bear me, 'cause I'm a nigger. She'd as soon have a toad touch her. There can't nobody love niggers, and niggers can't do nothin'. I don't care," and Topsy began whistling to show that she didn't.

"Oh, Topsy! I love you," said Eva, laying her little, thin hand on Topsy's shoulder. "I love you, because you haven't had any mother, or father, or friends; because you have been a poor, ill-used child. I love you, and I want you to be good. It makes me sorry to have you so naughty. I wish you would try to be good for my sake, because I'm going to die soon. I shan't be here very long."

"Oh, Miss Eva, dear Miss Eva," cried the poor little black child, "I will try, I will try. I never did care nothin' about it before."

Eva was very ill indeed. She never ran about and played now, but spent most of the day lying on the sofa in her own pretty room.

Every one loved her, and tried to do things for her. Even naughty little Topsy used to bring her flowers, and try to be good for her sake.

Uncle Tom was a great deal in Eva's room. She used

to get very restless, and then she liked to be carried about.

He loved to do it, and could not bear to be long away from his little mistress. He gave up sleeping in his bed, and lay all night on the mat outside her door.

One day Eva made her aunt cut off a lot of her beautiful hair. Then she called all the slaves together, said good-bye to them, and gave them each a curl of her hair as a keep-sake. They all cried very much, and said they would never forget her, and would try to be good for her sake.

A few nights later Miss Ophelia came quickly to Tom, as he lay on the mat outside Eva's door. "Go, Tom," she said, "go as fast as you can for the doctor."

Tom ran. But in the morning little Eva lay on her bed, cold and white, with closed eyes and folded hands.

She had gone to God.

Mr. St. Clare was very unhappy for a long time after Eva died. He had loved her so much, that his life seemed quite empty without her.

He did not forget his promise to her about Tom, and had his lawyer begin writing out the papers that would make Tom free. It took some time to make a slave free.

"Well, Tom," said Mr. St. Clare the day after he had spoken to his lawyer, "I'm going to make a free man of you. So have your trunk packed, and get ready to set out for home."

Joy shone in Uncle Tom's face. "Bless the Lord," he said, raising his hands to heaven.

Mr. St. Clare felt rather hurt. He did not like Tom to be so glad to leave him.

"You haven't had such a very bad time here that you need be in such rapture, Tom," he said.

"No, no, mas'r! tan't that. It's bein' a free man! That's what I'm joyin' for."

"Why, Tom, don't you think that you are really better off as you are?"

"No, indeed, Mas'r St. Clare," said Tom, very decidedly; "no, indeed."

"But, Tom, you couldn't possibly have earned by your work such clothes and such nice, comfortable rooms and good food as I have given you."

"I knows all that, Mas'r St. Clare. Mas'r has been too good. But, mas'r, I'd rather have poor clothes, poor house, poor everything, and have 'em mine, than have the best, and have 'em any man's else. I had so, mas'r. I thinks it's nature, mas'r.

"I suppose so, Tom. You will be going off and leaving me, in a month or two," he said, rather discontentedly. "Though why you shouldn't, I don't know," he added, in a gayer voice.

"Not while mas'r is in trouble," said Tom. "I'll stay with mas'r as long as he wants me—so as I can be of any use."

"Not while I am in trouble, Tom?" said Mr. St. Clare, looking sadly out of the window. "And when will my trouble be over?" Then half-smiling he turned from the window, and laid his hand on Tom's shoulder. "Ah, Tom, you soft, silly boy," he said. "I won't keep you. Go home to your wife and children, and give them all my love."

"Cousin," said Miss Ophelia, coming into the room, "I want to speak to you about Topsy."

"What has she been doing now?"

"Nothing; she is a much better girl than she used to be. But I want to ask you, whose is she—yours or mine?"

"Why, yours, of course; I gave her to you," said Mr. St. Clare.

"But not by law. There is no use my trying to make this child a Christian, unless I can be quite sure that she will not be sold as a slave again. If you are really willing I should have her, I want you to give me a paper saying she is mine."

He wrote out the paper, and Topsy belonged to Miss Ophelia. That evening Mr. St Clare went out into the town for a walk.

Tom sat down on the verandah to wait till his master came home, and fell asleep.

He was awakened by loud knocking, and the sound of voices at the gate.

He ran to open it, and met several men carrying Mr. St. Clare. He had been hurt in an accident, and was dying.

In a short time he had gone to join his little Eva.

CHAPTER XI.

UNCLE TOM'S NEW MASTER.

There had been deep grief in the house when Eva died. Now there was not only sorrow, but gloom and fear.

The kind master was dead, and the poor slaves asked themselves in despair what would happen to them now.

They were not long left in doubt. One morning Mrs. St. Clare told them they were all to be sold. She was going back to her father's house to live, and would not want them any more.

Poor Uncle Tom! The news was a dreadful blow to him. For a few days he had been so happy in the thought of going home. Once more, after all these years, he thought he would see his dear wife and little children. Now, at one stroke, he had lost both his kind master and his hope of freedom.

Instead of going home, he was to be sent farther away than ever from his dear ones. He could not bear it. He tried to say, "Thy will be done, but bitter tears almost choked the words.

He had one hope left. He would ask Miss Ophelia to speak to Mrs. St. Clare for him.

"Mas'r St. Clare promised me my freedom, Miss

Feely," he said. "He told me that he had begun to take it out for me. And now, perhaps, if you would be good enough to speak about it to missis, she would feel like going on with it. Seeing it was Mas'r St. Clare's wish, she might."

"I'll speak for you, Tom, and do my best," said Miss Ophelia.

So she asked Mrs. St. Clare to set Tom free.

"Indeed, I shall do no such thing," she replied. "Tom is worth more than any of the other slaves. I couldn't afford to lose so much money.

"Well," said Miss Ophelia, "it was one of the last wishes of your husband that Tom should have his freedom. He promised dear little Eva that he should have it. I think you ought to do it."

Then Mrs. St. Clare began to cry, and say every one was unkind to her, and Miss Ophelia saw it was no use saying anything more. There was only one other thing she could do. She wrote to Mrs. Shelby, telling her that poor Uncle Tom was going to be sold again. She asked her to send money to buy him back, as soon as possible.

The next day, Uncle Tom and the other slaves belonging to Mr. St. Clare were sent to market to be sold.

A cruel man, whose name was Legree, bought Uncle Tom, several other men slaves, and two women. One of the women was a pretty young girl, who had never been away from her mother before. Her mother, who had just been sold to a kind-hearted man, was crying piteously, "O, mas'r, please do buy my daughter." But the bids were so high the man did not have money enough to buy her, so she was sold to Legree. The men, Uncle Tom among them, had heavy chains put on both hands and feet. Then Legree drove them all on to a boat which was going up the river to his plantation.

At last the weary journey was over. Legree and his slaves landed.

Now began the saddest time of Uncle Tom's life.

"O, MAS'R PLEASE DO BUY MY DAUGHTER." [PAGE 40.]

Every morning very early the slaves were driven out into the fields like cattle. All day long they worked hard. The burning sun blazed down upon them, making them hot and tired. Legree and his two chief slaves, called Quimbo and Sambo, marched about all the time with whips in their hands. At night they drove the slaves back again to their miserable huts.

But before they could rest, they had to grind and cook the corn for their supper. When at last they did go to sleep, they had to lie on the heaps of dirty straw instead of in comfortable beds.

Day after day passed in the same way. One day the old woman who had been bought at the same time as Tom was working near him. He saw she looked very ill. She often prayed aloud, and trembled as if she would fall. As Tom came near her he took several handfuls of cotton from his own sack and dropped them into hers.

"Oh, you musn't. You don't know what they'll do to you," said the poor old woman.

"I can bear it better than you," said Tom.

But Sambo had seen what had happened. He told Legree, who hated a kind action; he was such a cruel man.

That night, although the poor old woman's basket was as full as any, Legree pretended that it was not. He told Tom to beat her for being so lazy.

"I beg mas'r's pardon," said Tom. "I hopes mas'r won't set me to that. It's what I an't used to, never did —and can't do."

"What?" said Legree, seizing a whip and striking Tom again and again with it. "Will you tell me now you can't do it?"

"Yes, mas'r," said Tom. "I'm willing to work night and day. I'll work while there's life and breath left in me. But this thing I can't feel it right to do. And, mas'r, I never shall do it, never."

"How dare you!" roared Legree. "You pretend to be good. Have you never read in your Bible, "Servants obey your masters?" Am I not your master? Are you not mine, body and soul?"

"No, no, no! my soul an't yours," said Tom, looking calmly, almost joyfully, at him. "You haven't bought it —you can't buy it. It's been bought and paid for by One that's able to keep it. You can't harm me."

"I can't?" roared Legree. "We will see. Here, Sambo! Quimbo! give him such a breaking-in that he won't forget it for a month."

A few days after this, two women slaves ran away from the plantation.

When Legree learned they had escaped he was terribly angry.

Quickly gathering a great number of men and savage dogs, he set out to hunt them, but they could not be found.

Legree had been angry when he started out. When he came back his passion was furious.

He was sure Uncle Tom knew where the two women were, and determined to make him tell.

"Do you know, I have made up my mind to kill you?" he said to Tom.

"It's very likely, mas'r," said Tom calmly.

"I have," said Legree, "unless you tell me where these two women, who have run away, are."

"I've nothing to tell, mas'r," said Tom, speaking slowly and firmly.

"Do you dare tell me ye don't know?"

Again Tom was silent.

"Speak!" yelled Legree. "Do you know anything?"

"I know, mas'r. But I can't tell."

For a moment there was silence, such a silence, that the tick of the old clock on the wall could be heard.

Then Legree, foaming with rage, struck Uncle Tom a terrible blow, so that he fell to the ground senseless.

CHAPTER XII.

FREEDOM.

The letter which Miss Ophelia wrote to Mrs. Shelby, telling her that Tom was to be sold again, was delayed a long time. When at last it did arrive, Mr. Shelby was very ill, and though Mrs. Shelby felt dreadfully sorry about Uncle Tom, she could do nothing, as her husband was so ill. Soon Mr. Shelby died. Mrs. Shelby was very sad, but in her sorrow she did not forget her promise to Aunt Chloe and Uncle Tom. As soon as she could, she sold some land, and George Shelby, taking the money with him, went off to try to find Uncle Tom and buy him back again.

At last, after searching about for months, George Shelby found out where Uncle Tom was, and followed him.

Two days after Legree had been so cruel, George Shelby drove up the avenue and stopped at the door of the old house.

"I hear," he said to Legree, "that you bought a slave named Tom. He used to belong to my father. I have come to buy him back again."

Legree's face grew black with anger. "Yes, I did buy such a fellow," he growled in rage. "And a bad bargain it was, too!

"Where is he?" said George. "Let me see him." His cheeks were crimson, and his eyes flashed fire at the thought that Legree had dared to treat dear Uncle Tom so badly.

"He is in that shed," said a little fellow who was holding George Shelby's horse.

George, without saying another word, hurried to the place to which the little boy pointed.

As he entered the shed, his head felt giddy and his heart sick.

Uncle Tom lay on a heap of straw on the floor, still and quiet.

"Oh, dear Uncle Tom," cried George as he knelt beside him, "dear Uncle Tom, do wake—do speak once more. Here's Mas'r George—your own little Mas'r George. Don't you know me?"

"Mas'r George!" said Tom, opening his eyes, and speaking in a feeble voice. "Mas'r George? It is—it is. It's all I wanted. They haven't forgot me. It warms my soul; it does my old heart good. Now I shall die content."

"You shan't die! you mustn't die, nor think of it. I've come to buy you and take you home," said George, and the tears came into his eyes as he bent over poor Uncle Tom.

"Oh, Mas'r George, ye're too late. The Lord has bought me, and is going to take me home."

"Oh, don't. It breaks my heart to think of what you've suffered—lying in this old shed, too."

"You mustn't tell Chloe, poor soul, how ye found me," said Tom, taking George by the hand. "It would seem so dreadful to her. Only tell her ye found me going into glory, and that I couldn't stay for no one. And oh, the poor chil'en, and the baby—my old heart's been most broke for them. Tell them to follow me. Give my love to mas'r, and dear, good missis, and everybody in the place. I love them all."

He closed his eyes, and with a smile he fell asleep. Uncle Tom too was free.

Beyond the gates of Legree's farm, George had noticed a dry, sandy knoll, shaded by a few trees. There he made Uncle Tom's grave. No stone marks his last resting-place. He needs none. God knows where he lies.

Kneeling there George bent his head, in shame and sorrow. "Hear me, dear God," he said, "from this day, I will do what one man can to drive out the curse of slavery from this land."

George Shelby wrote a little note to his mother, telling her that he was coming home. He tried to write about Uncle Tom, but he could not; tears blinded him, and sobs choked him.

On the day he was expected every one was in a state of bustle and excitement. Aunt Chloe in a new print dress and clean white apron walked round the supper-table, making sure that everything was right. Her black face shone with joy at the thought of seeing Uncle Tom again.

"I'm thinking my old man won't know the boys and the baby," she said.

Just then the sound of wheels was heard.

"It's Mas'r George," cried Aunt Chloe, running to the window in great excitement.

Mrs. Shelby ran to the door. As George met her he put his arms round her, and kissed her tenderly.

Aunt Chloe stood behind anxiously looking out into the darkness.

"Oh, poor Aunt Chloe," said George, gently taking her hard, black hand between both his own. "I'd have given all my fortune to have brought Uncle Tom home with me; but he has gone to a better country."

Mrs. Shelby cried out as if she had been hurt, but Aunt Chloe did not make a sound.

Then she turned and walked proudly out of the room. Mrs. Shelby followed her softly, took one of her hands, drew her down into a chair, and sat down beside her.

"My poor, good Chloe," she said gently.

Chloe leaned her head on her mistress's shoulder, and sobbed out, "Oh, missis, 'scuse me, my heart's broke —dat's all."

"I know it is," said Mrs. Shelby, as her tears fell fast, "and I cannot heal it."

There was silence for a little as they wept together. Then George sat down beside Aunt Chloe, and took her hand. He talked gently to her, telling her of Uncle

Tom's last loving messages. So she was comforted a little.

One morning, about a month after this, George Shelby called all his servants together, telling them he had something to say to them.

They wondered what it could be, and were very much surprised when he appeared, carrying a bundle of papers in his hand.

They were still more astonished when he gave a paper to each one, and told them all that they were free.

With sobs and tears and shouts they pressed round him, thanking and blessing him. But some of them came with anxious faces, begging him to take their free papers back again, and not to send them away.

"My good friends," said George, when he could get silence, "there will be no need for you to leave me. We want quite as many servants as we did before. But now you are free men and free women. I shall pay you wages for your work, and if I die, or get into debt, you can't be taken away to be sold. That is all the difference. I want you all to stay with me, for I want to teach you how to live as free men and women ought."

"One thing more," added George, when the cheering and rejoicing had died away a little. "You all remember our good old Uncle Tom. You have heard how he died, and how he sent his love to you all. It was on his grave, my friends, that I made up my mind, with God's help, never to own another slave, if it were possible to free him. I resolved that nobody, through my fault, should ever run the risk of being parted from his dear ones, and of dying far from them, as he died.

"So, when you rejoice in your freedom, remember that you owe it to dear old Uncle Tom, and pay it back in kindness to his wife and children. Think of your freedom every time you see Uncle Tom's Cabin; and let it help you to try to live as he did, and to be as honest and faithful and Christian as he was."

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Mother Goose
H. VAN HOUTEN.